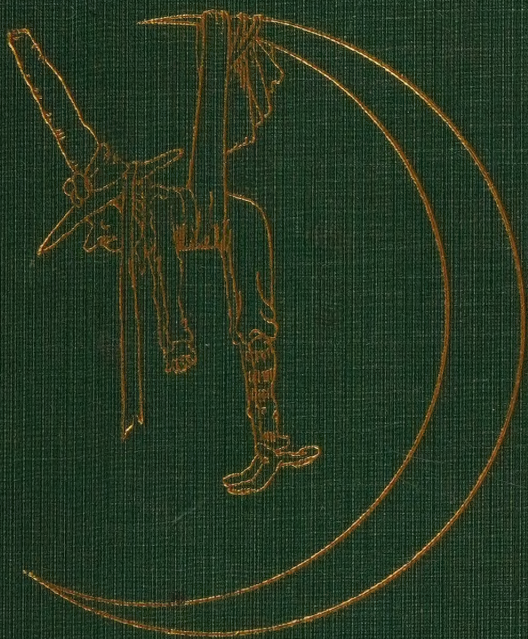


THE ADVENTURES
OF
UNCLE LUBIN

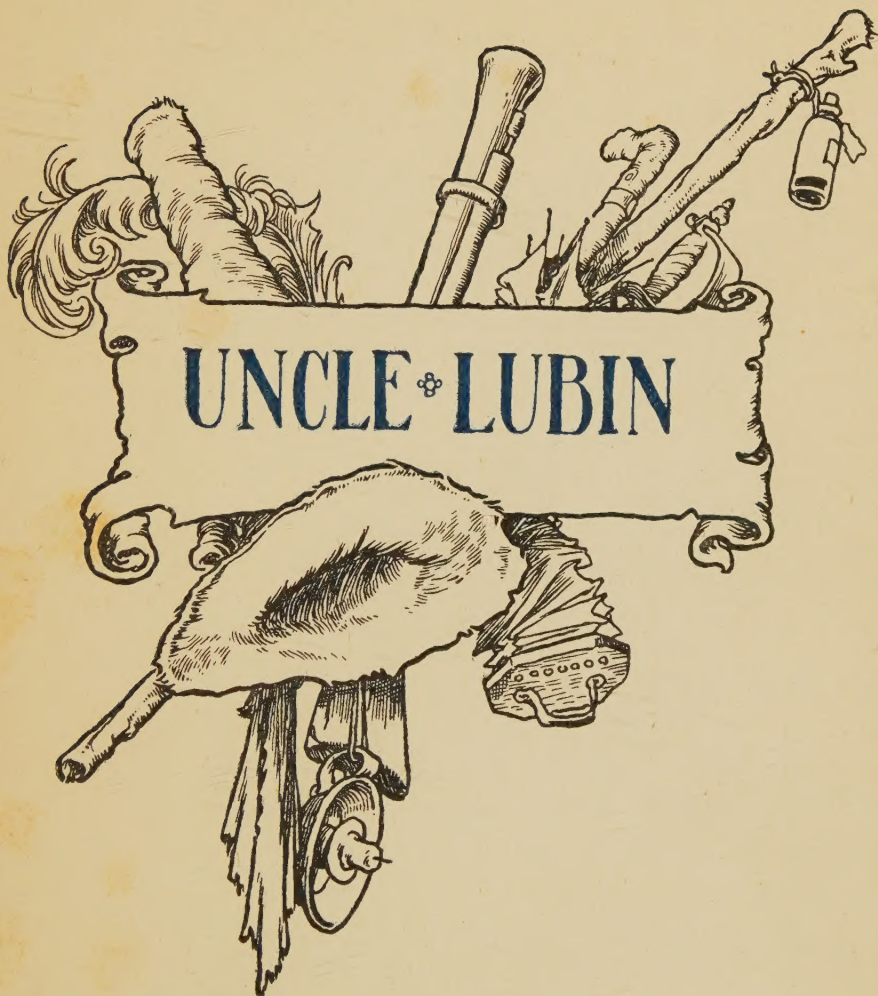


BY
W. HEATH ROBINSON











W. H. ROBINSON.



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THE
ADVENTURES OF



NCLE



UBIN

TOLD AND ILLUSTRATED
BY

W·HEATH·ROBINSON



NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

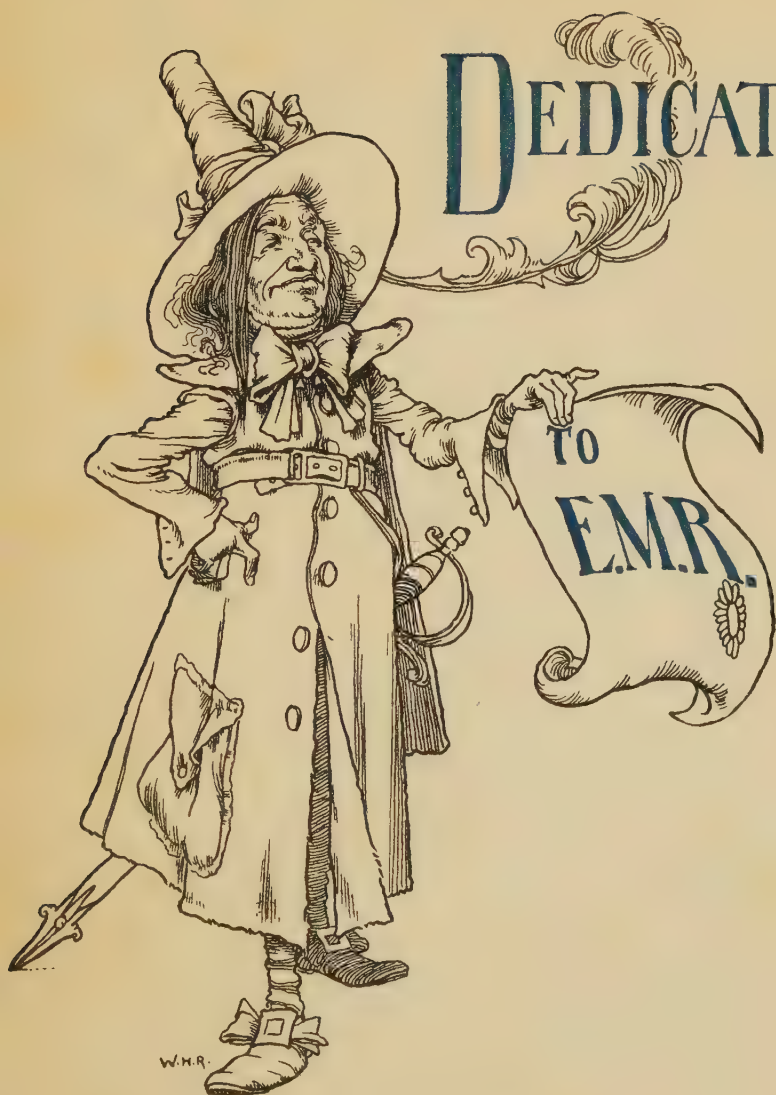


PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

A NEW EDITION, 1925

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DEDICATION





ENTLE INFANT,

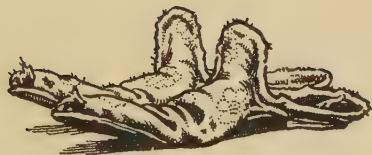
For many years have I tried to find some little person to whom I might dedicate this book of wonderful stories ; and of all the small people I have ever met, you, I think, will understand and love my old friend Uncle Lubin.

Yes, for you, dear child, who nearly always try to be perfect and often succeed ;

you, who are so sorry for those in trouble, and only sometimes cross when you are in trouble yourself; you who hardly ever grizzle, will, I am sure, admire Uncle Lubin, who was always so brave and good.

So, with the hope that you will not object, I respectfully dedicate this book to you; and when you know Uncle Lubin as well as I do, I am sure you will love him.

W. H. R.





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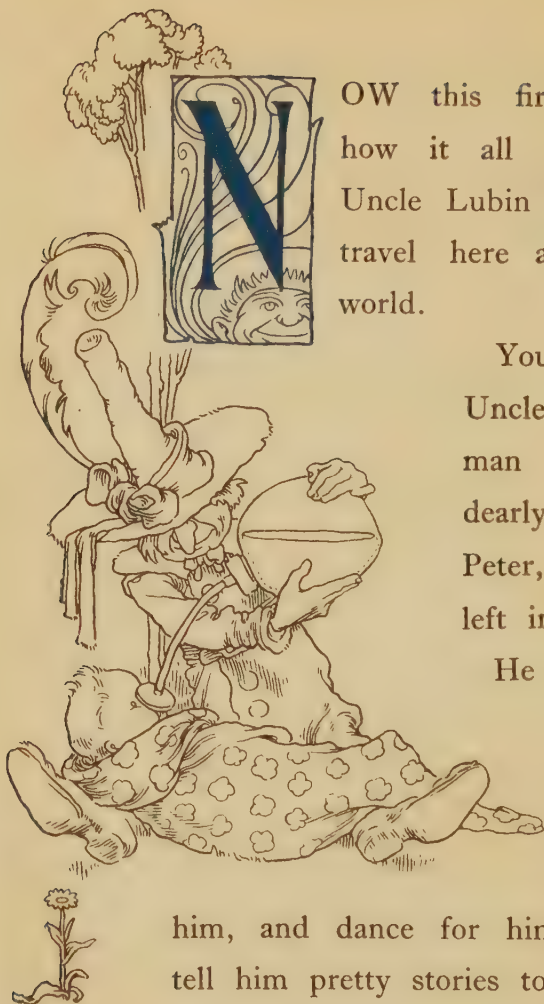




FIRST ADVENTURE

INTRODUCTION





OW this first story will tell you how it all came about; and why Uncle Lubin left his peaceful life to travel here and there all over the world.

You must understand, that Uncle Lubin was a very good man indeed, and that he dearly loved his nephew little Peter, who was nearly always left in his charge.

He used to take him out into the fields, and sing old songs to him; he used to gather flowers for him, and dance for him; sometimes he would tell him pretty stories to amuse him.





UT one hot afternoon while Uncle Lubin was trying to sing little Peter to sleep, he himself fell asleep, quite unmindful of a wicked bag-bird which was watching in the branches overhead.



When the Bag-bird saw that Uncle Lubin was asleep, it stretched out its long neck and snatched little Peter from his arms.





HEN little Peter began to make a great noise, and this woke Uncle Lubin, who saw with horror that his nephew was being carried off in the

Bag-bird's beak. He was very frightened, too frightened to move in fact. Therefore he remained where he was.

So the Bag-bird got clear away, and there was nobody to stop it.







HEN Uncle Lubin
got on to his feet
the Bag-bird was al-
ready flying over the
next field. "I must
follow it," said Uncle
Lubin, and he fol-



lowed it as fast as he could till
evening. Then he saw the
Bag-bird fly right up to
the moon, and he knew
that it would be
useless to run
after it any
more. And
he went
home,
feeling
very
down-hearted
indeed.



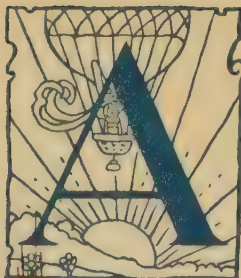
W.H.P.



SECOND ADVENTURE

THE AIR-SHIP

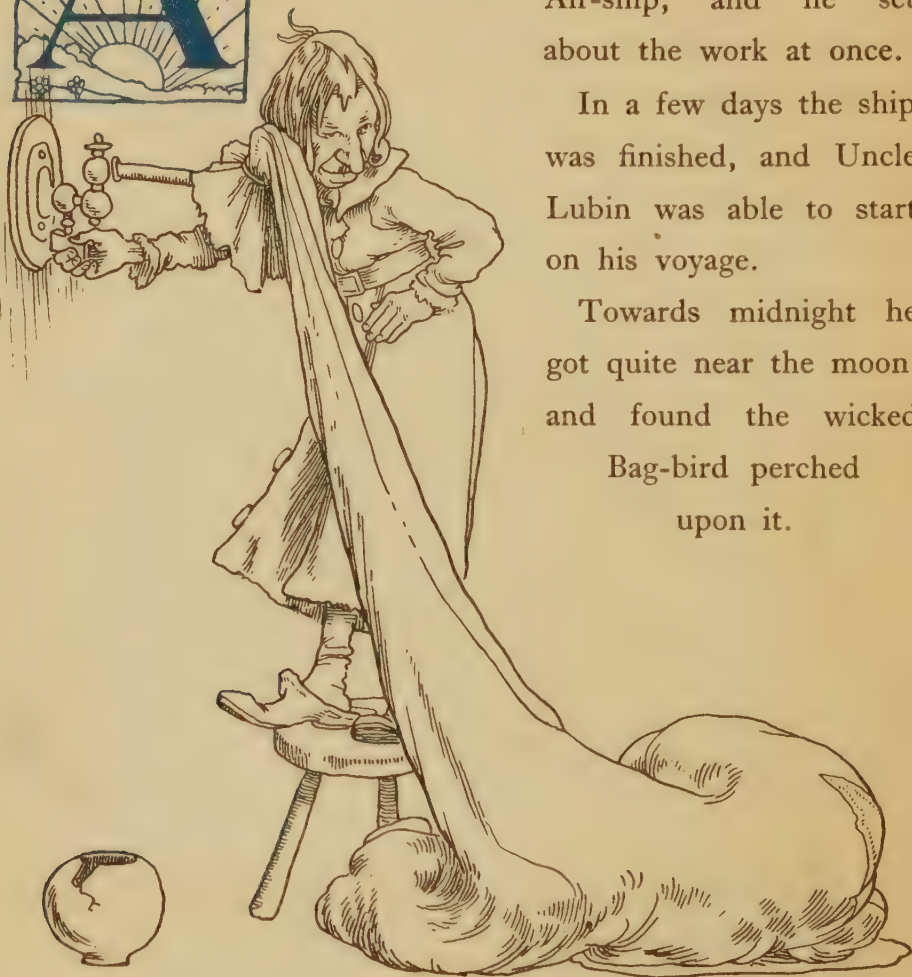




LL next day the sorrowful Lubin racked his brain to find a way of rescuing little Peter. At last he decided to build an Air-ship, and he set about the work at once.

In a few days the ship was finished, and Uncle Lubin was able to start on his voyage.

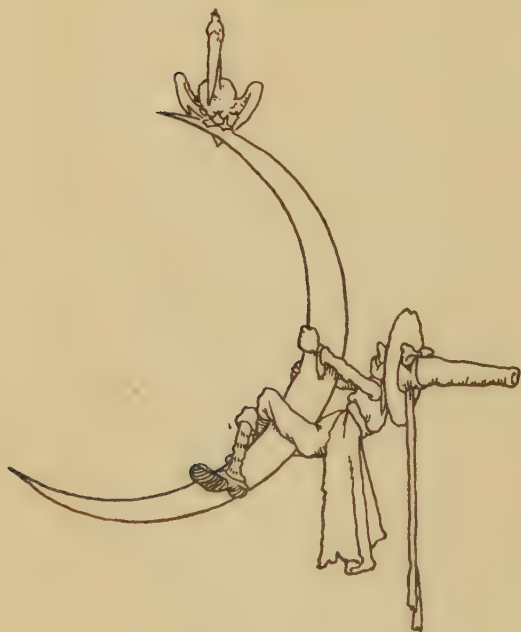
Towards midnight he got quite near the moon, and found the wicked Bag-bird perched upon it.







N the other end of it he quickly
anchored
his
ship
and
climbed
up
the
side,
thinking
all
the
time
that
the
Bag-bird
had
not
seen
him.







HOWEVER, just as he was about to catch hold of the bird by the neck it flew off with a loud screech. You will see from the picture that the screech must have been very loud indeed. Only bag-birds can make such screeches. And

when Uncle
Lubin heard

this

Bag-bird
screeching

he felt

sure

that

it

was

laughing

at

him.







HIS annoyed him very much. All the same he determined to save little Peter somehow.

So he crawled back to his air-ship. But, unfortunately, he found that



the
end
of
the
moon
had
gone
right
through
it
and
spoilt
it
entirely.



W.H.R.



OW Uncle Lubin was in a great fix. What was he to do? He thought and thought and thought. And at last he said, "I expect I shall have to jump." Holding

his hat firmly in his hands to

prevent him from falling too quickly,

he jumped right off the moon,

and after a very

long drop indeed he

landed safely

on the earth.





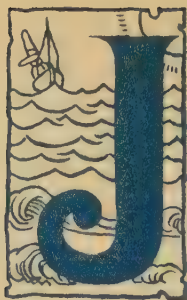


THIRD ADVENTURE



AMMADOPPER

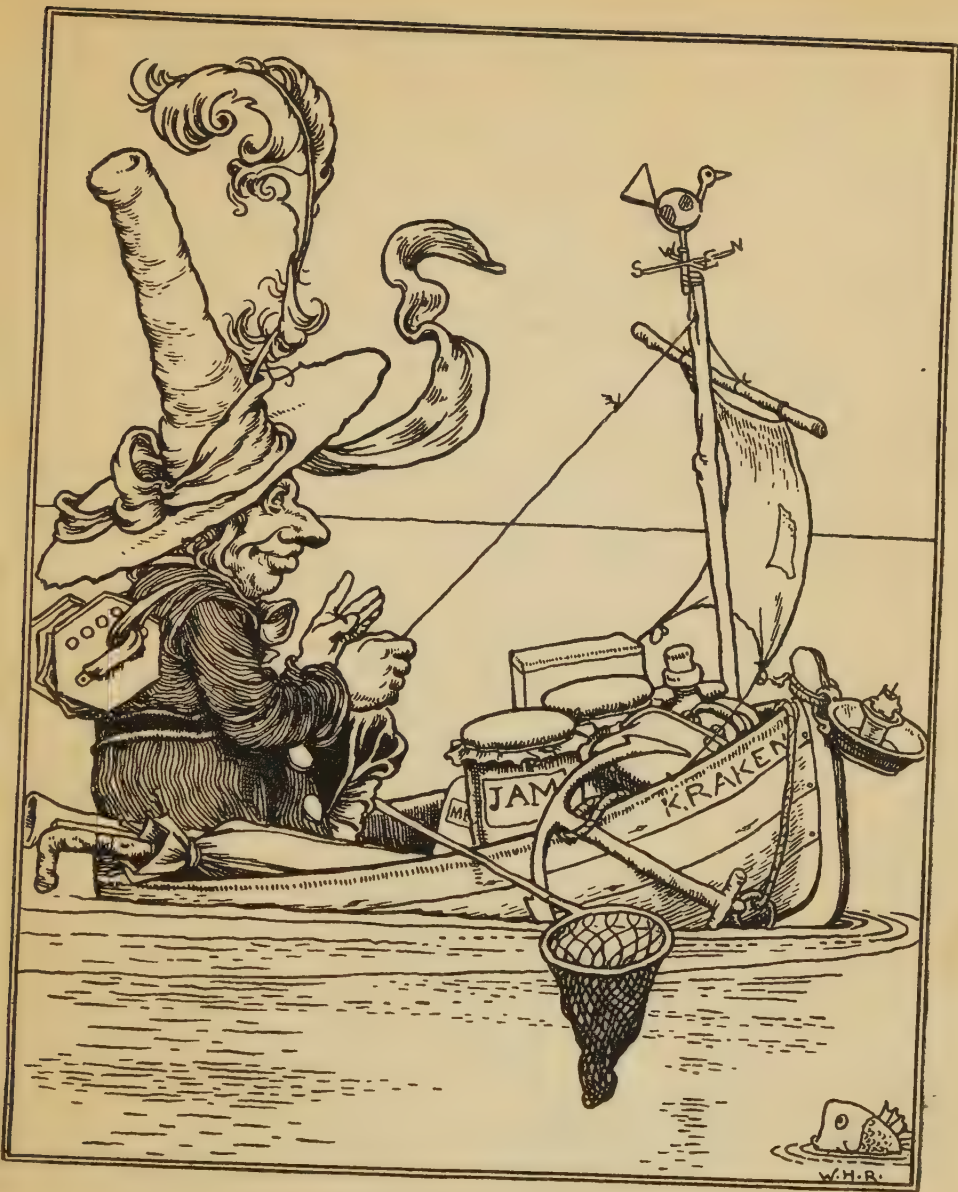


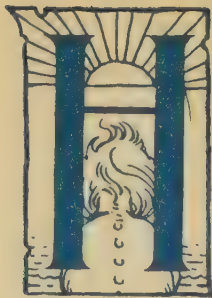


JUST look at the beautiful boat Uncle
Lubin built in order that
he might search the seas
for little Peter.

In this boat little Peter's
uncle sailed and
sailed for
many
months,
till
he
came
to
an
island
in
the
very
middle
of
the
sea.







HERE he found a little old man
who was crying most bitterly.

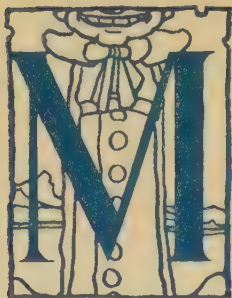
“What is the matter
with you?” asked
Uncle Lubin
kindly. The

little
old
man
looked
at
him
through
his
tears
and
told
him
the
following
story :





W.H.R.



Y name is Vammadopper, and many years ago, when I was quite young, I met a giant who was laughing. I said to him, "Why do you laugh?" But

he took no notice

of me and

went

on

laughing.

I thought

at first that

he must

be

deaf.



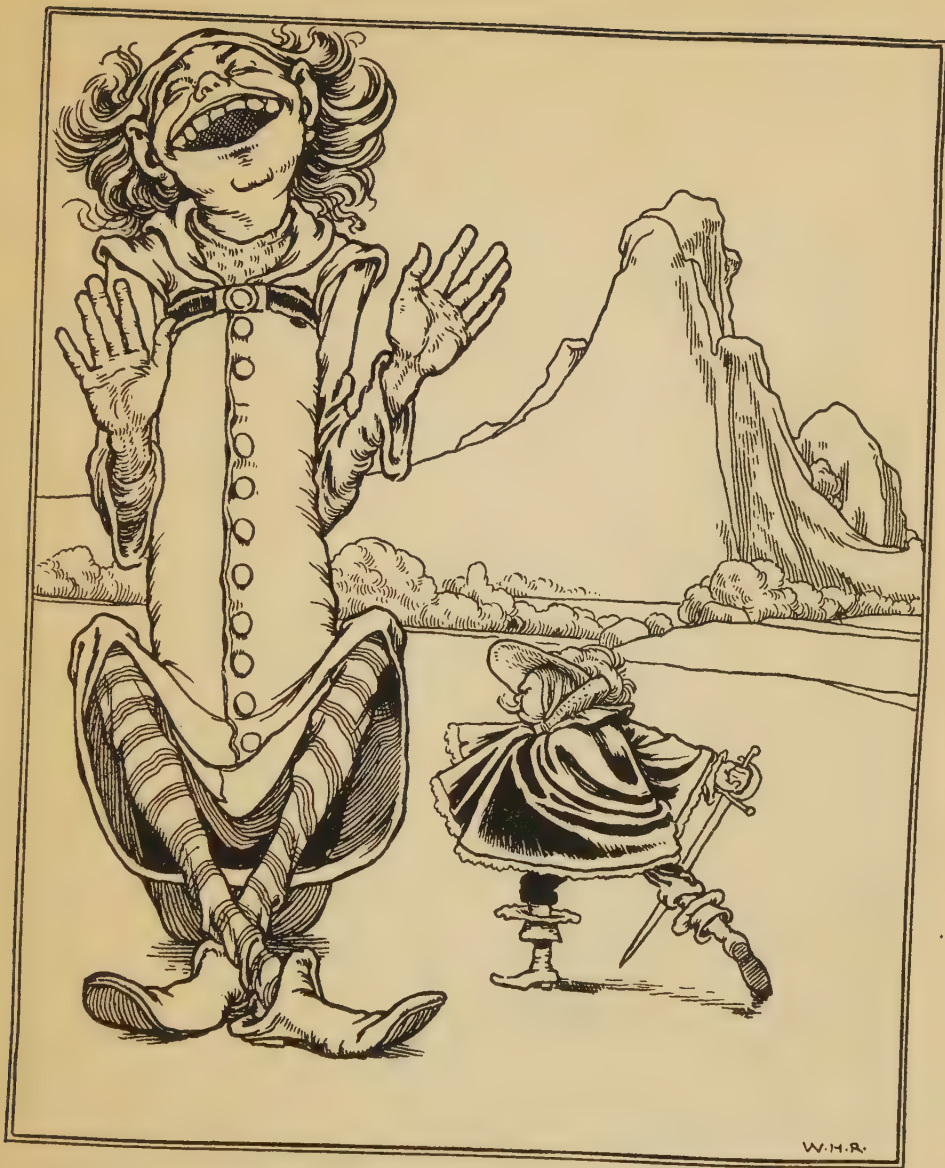




O I asked him why he kept on
laughing again and again. But

the
more
I
shouted
at
him,
the
more
he
laughed,
till
at
last
I
could
bear
it
no
longer.







WAS so angry with him that I drew
my sword to fight him. But when
I rushed at him to make a
stroke he bent down,
and with a puff
blew me off

my feet as
though

I
were
a
feather.







VER the clouds he blew me,
and over the mountains and
seas, till I dropped
on this island
where
I
have
remained
ever since.









FOURTH ADVENTURE

THE CANDLE
AND THE ICE-BERG





UNCLE LUBIN once more set sail in search of little Peter, though not before saying good-bye to poor Vammadopper, and kissing him kindly.

For many months sailed he, till at last he came to the land of Chilblains, where he very quickly became frozen up. Mind you, he wasn't frightened in the least ; but soon made up his mind bravely to continue the search on foot.





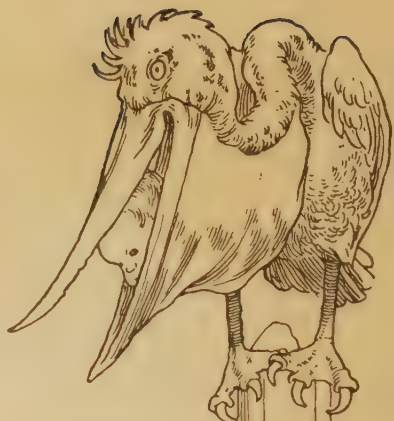
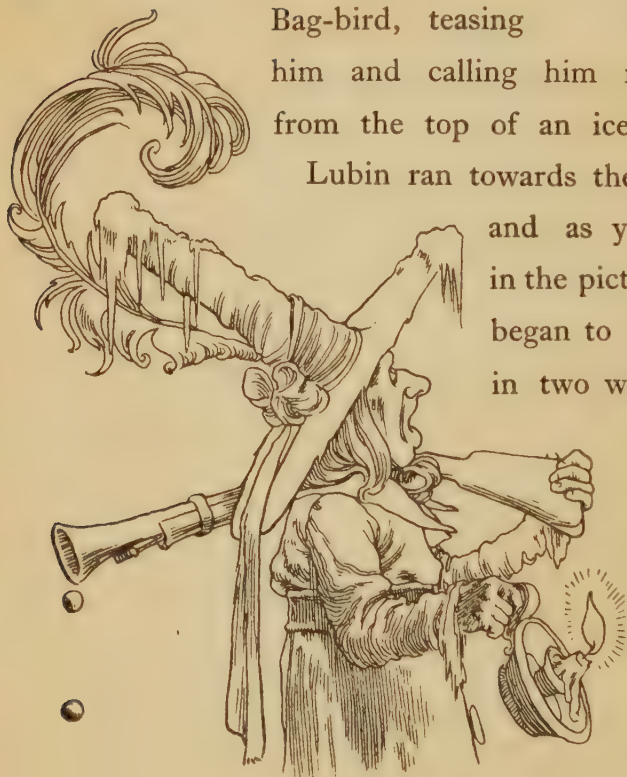


NE evening, after tramping ever-so-many weary miles over the chilly ice-fields, Uncle Lubin heard the far-away note of the Bag-bird, teasing him and calling him names, from the top of an iceberg.

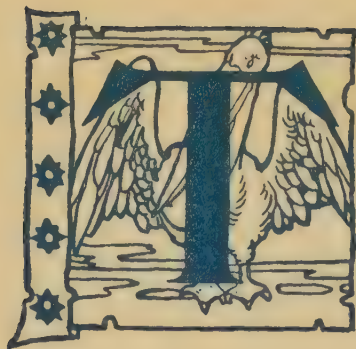
Lubin ran towards the berg,

and as you see in the picture, he began to thaw it in two with the

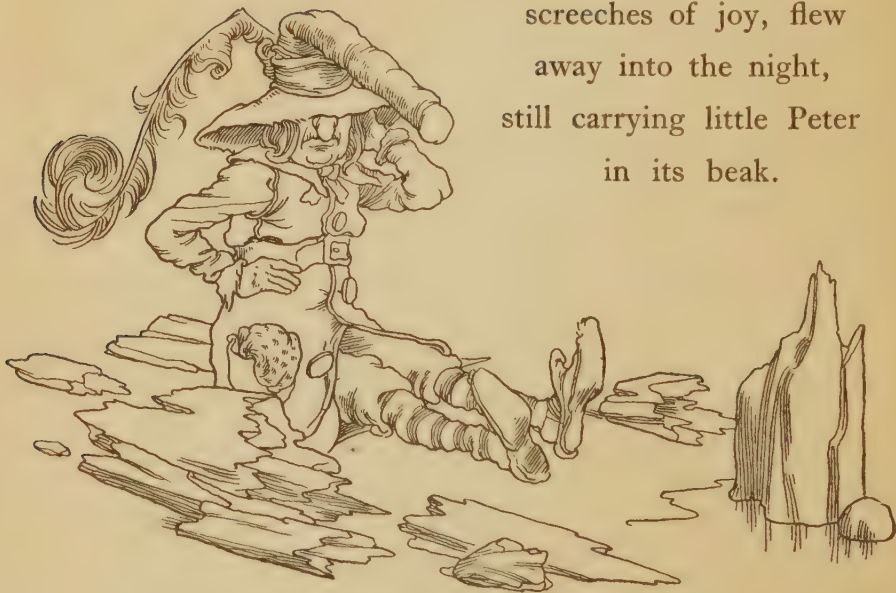
flame of his candle.







HE iceberg soon began to
totter; and in a little while
it fell. But sad to say it fell
upon the poor head of
Uncle Lubin; while
the wicked
Bag-bird, with
screeches of joy, flew
away into the night,
still carrying little Peter
in its beak.







FIFTH ADVENTURE

HE
SEA-T
S
ERPENT

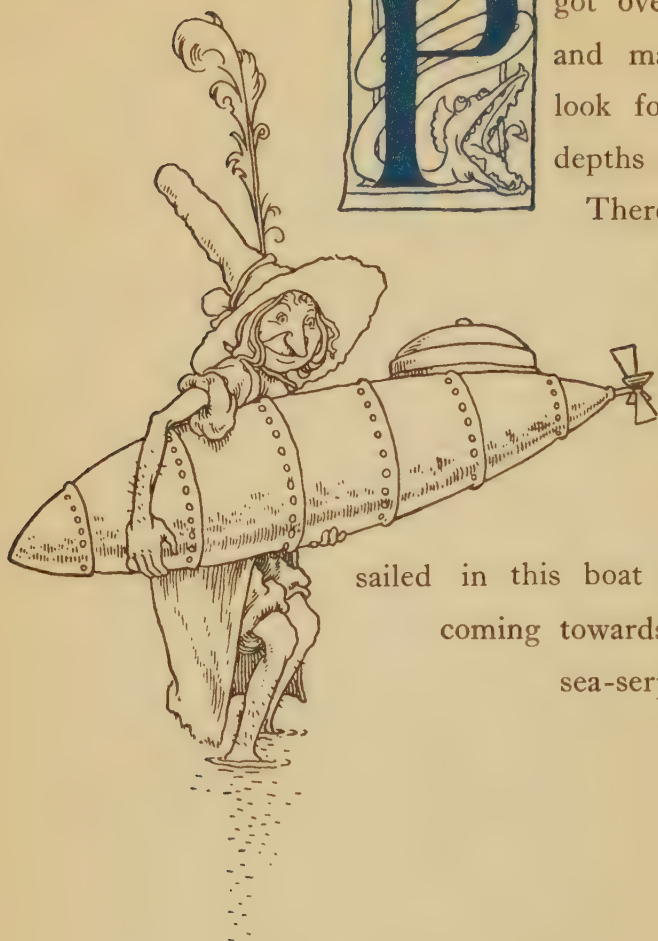


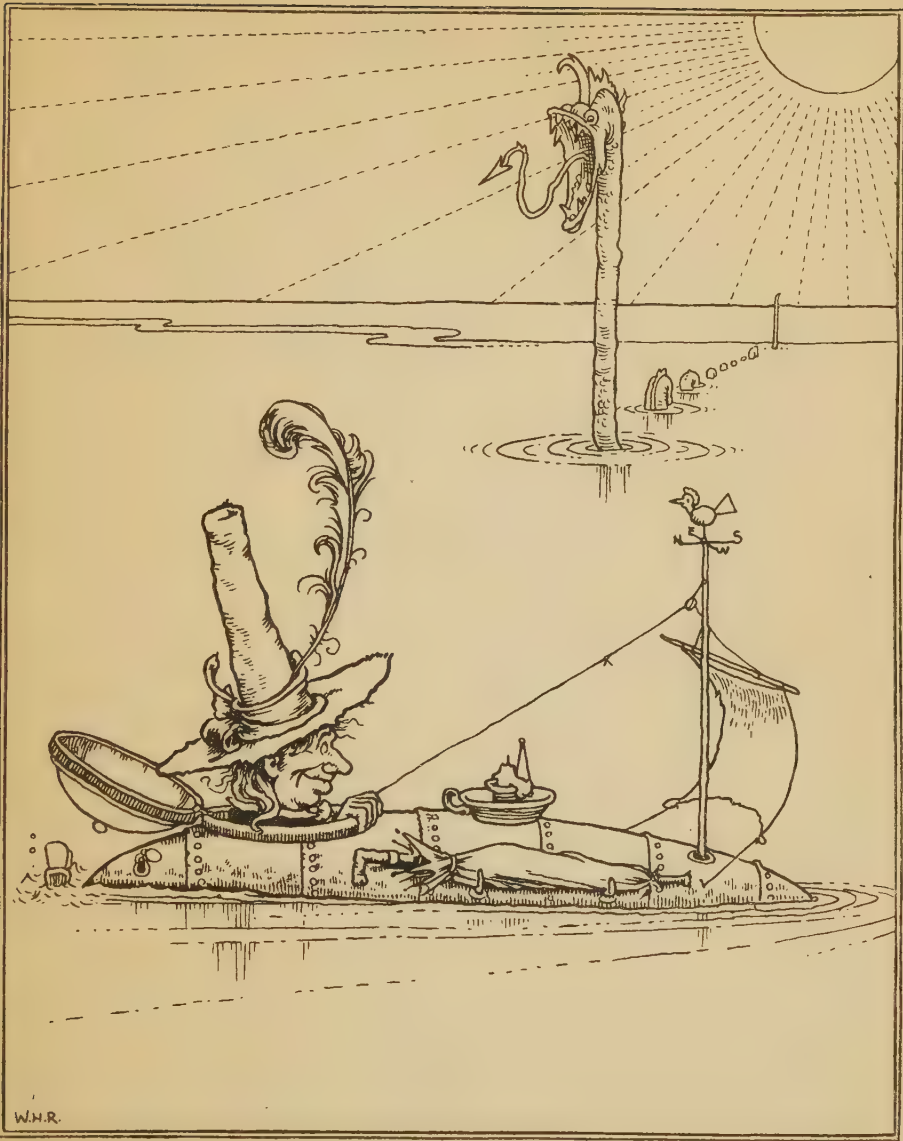


FOR Uncle Lubin soon got over his disappointment and made up his mind to look for little Peter in the depths of the sea.

Therefore he built himself a wonderful boat which could keep under water for a long time and come up again all right.

When he had sailed in this boat many weeks he saw coming towards him a real sea-serpent.



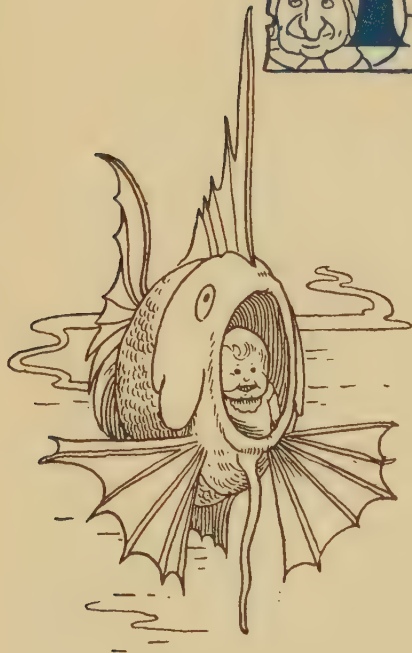


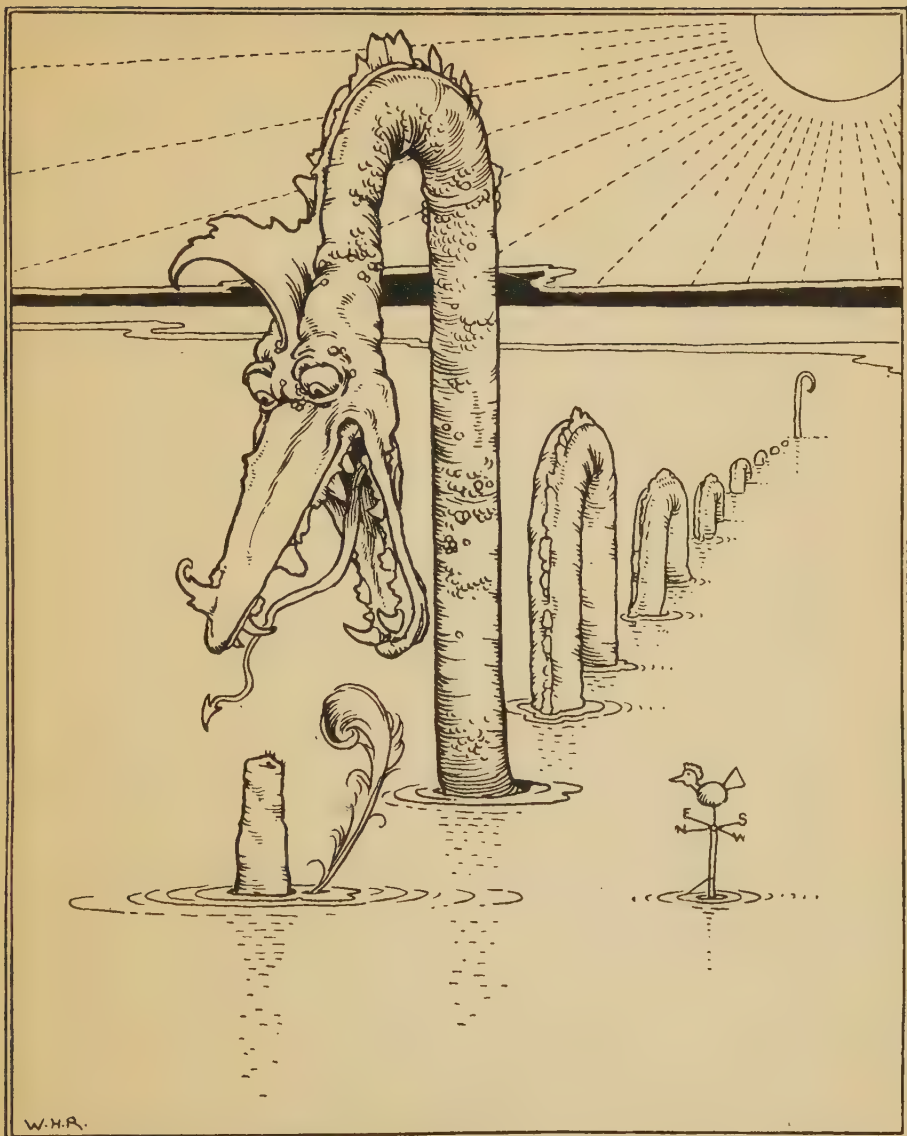


HEN Uncle Lubin at once
allowed his boat to sink
while the hungry serpent

followed with mouth

wide open,
intending to
gobble him
right
up.

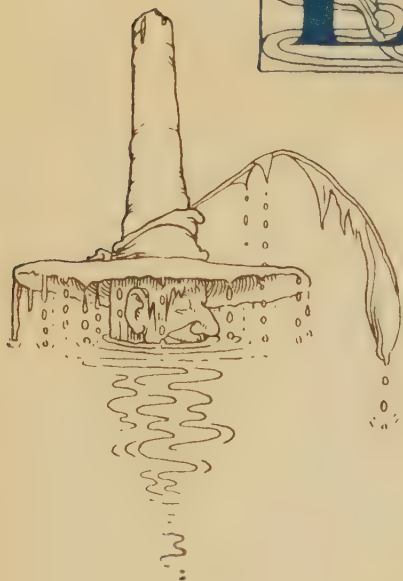


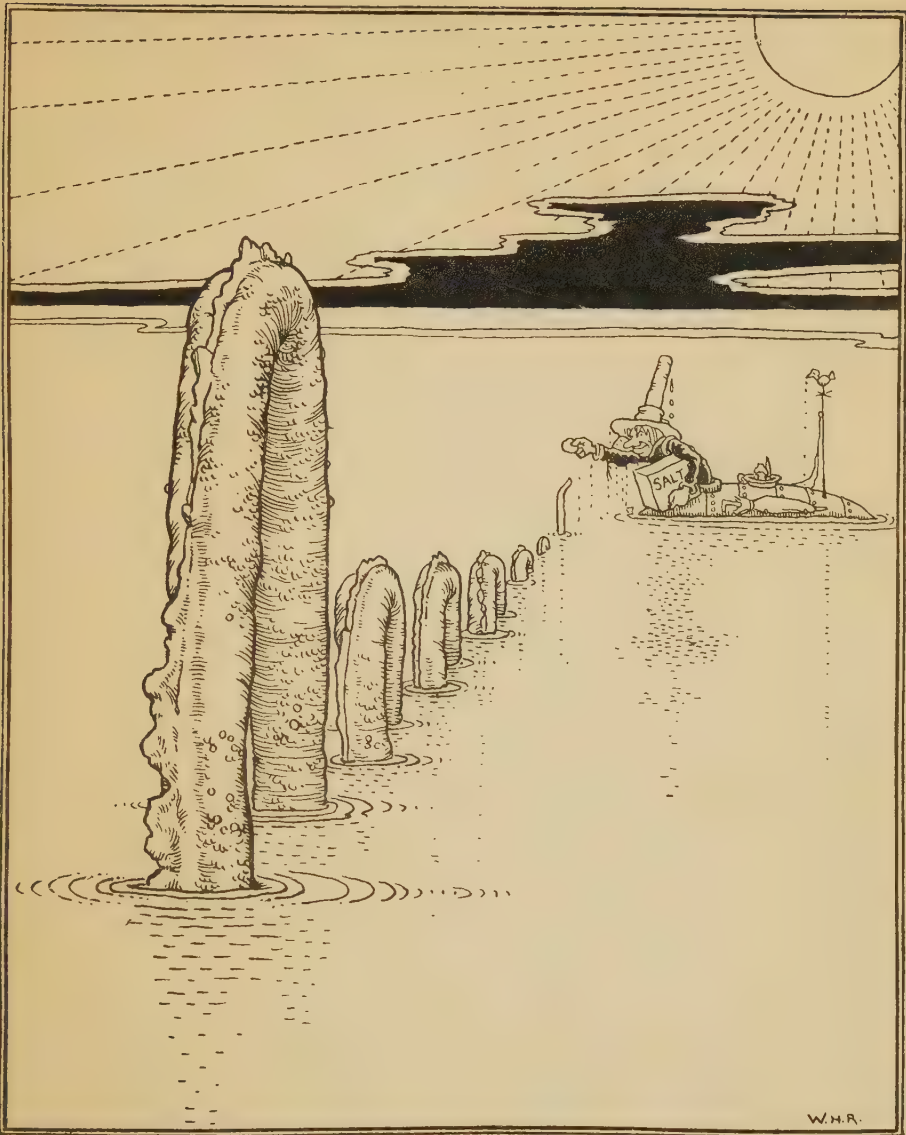


W.H.R.



UT of course the way to kill a sea-serpent is to put some salt on its tail. Uncle Lubin knew this, and when he thought he had been long enough in the water, he raised his boat near the serpent's tail, and put a large piece of salt on it.

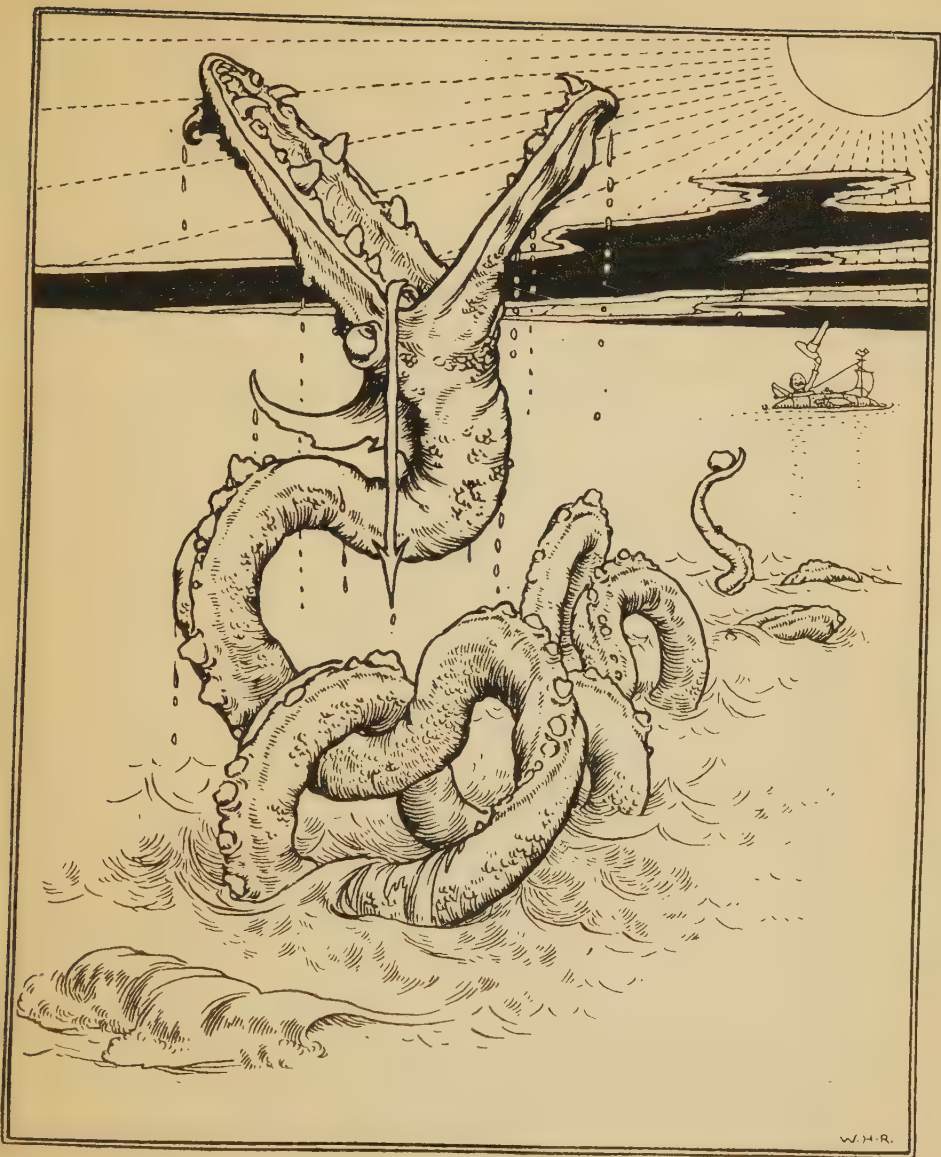






NEED not tell you that this
caused the serpent great
pain, so much indeed
that he very
quickly
died,
and Uncle
Lubin
was
able to
go
on his
way
in
search
of
little
Peter.





W.H.R.



SIXTH ADVENTURE

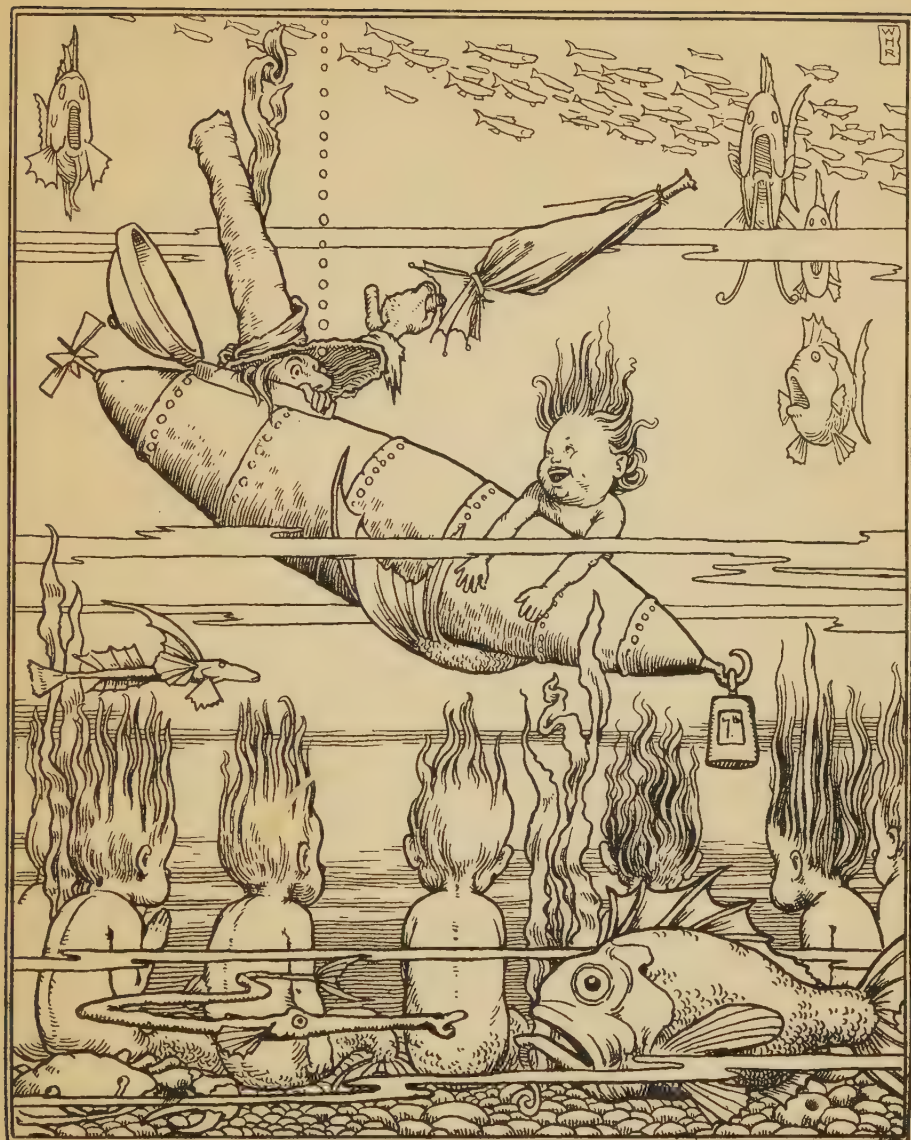
THE MER-BOY





ONE day while Uncle Lubin
was still sadly explor-
ing the depths of
the sea, he came
across a shoal
of little mer-
children.

One of the little
mer-boys caught
hold of the side of
Uncle Lubin's ship
and would not let go.
Uncle Lubin tried
to drive him off, but
in vain ; so he brought
the little boy to
the surface of
the water.





UCH to Uncle Lubin's
surprise he found
that the mer-boy
could talk. He
had many
strange
tales

to tell of his life in the sea,
and among other things he
told Uncle Lubin the fol-
lowing sad story : " Until
quite lately," he said, " I
and my brothers went
to a school kept by a
very wise old mer-
man, who did his
best to teach
us all we
ought to
know."





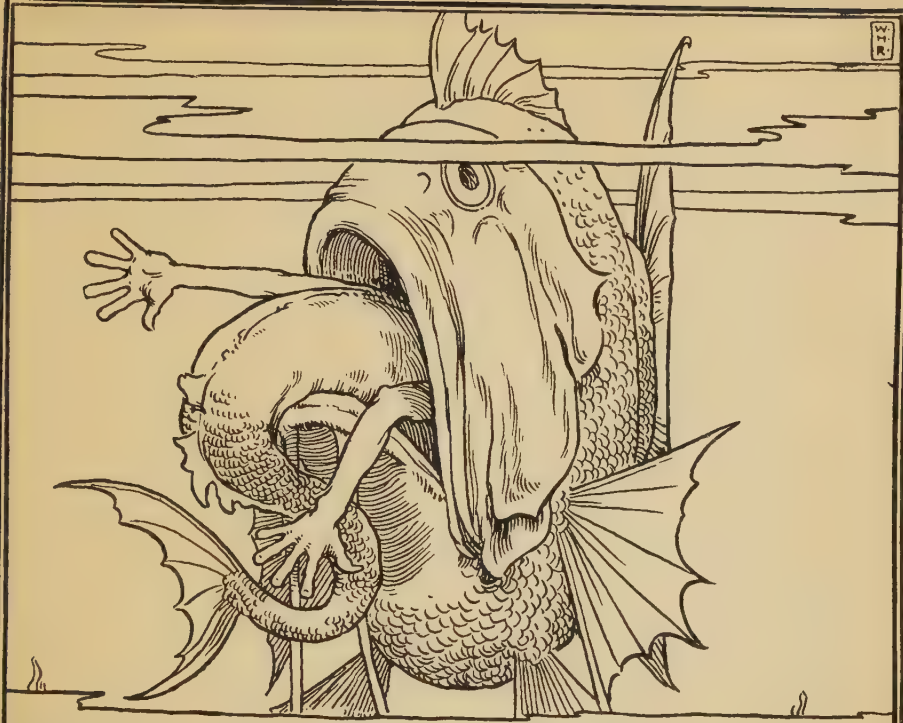
W.H.R.

THE MER-MAN AND





NE afternoon he had been showing us how to spin a humming-top, and he was just beginning to explain to us why it hummed as it went round, when a great fish passing that way with its ugly mouth wide open, quietly swallowed the poor old mer-man right up." "What did you do?" asked Uncle Lubin. "Well, we did nothing but laugh," said the little mer-boy. "That was not nice of you," said Uncle Lubin.





SEVENTH ADVENTURE

THE

BOY **L**UBIN





UNCLE LUBIN was very much obliged to the little mer-boy for telling him such nice stories. And he said to him, "I will now tell you a story. I



remember that once when I was a little boy I got lost in a snowstorm. For many hours I wandered up and down trying to find my way home, but all in vain. At last I made up my mind that I had better spend the night in the snow, and I lay down by the side of what appeared to me to be a hat.





UT I had scarcely
begun to doze off
when the hat seemed
to jump up of itself,
and out of the snow
there sprang a

funny little

old

man

who

looked

for

all

the

world

like

a

Jack

in

the

Box.



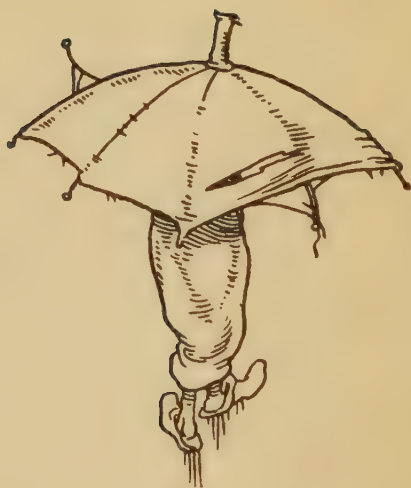


W.H.R.



HIS, of course, alarmed me. And I was more frightened still when the little old man brought out a large sword and said in terrible tones, 'Now I will cut you to pieces.' As I did not want to be cut to pieces, I ran away as fast as my legs could carry me, and without really knowing where I was going. As luck would have it, I ran straight to my home, and was able to sleep in bed that night after all."





EIGHTH ADVENTURE

HE HOWER





ONE afternoon, while Uncle
Lubin was out walking,
it began to rain. "Dear
me," he said, "I
do believe it
is raining."

And
he
ran
to
a
tree
for
shelter,
thinking
the
shower
would
soon
be
over.



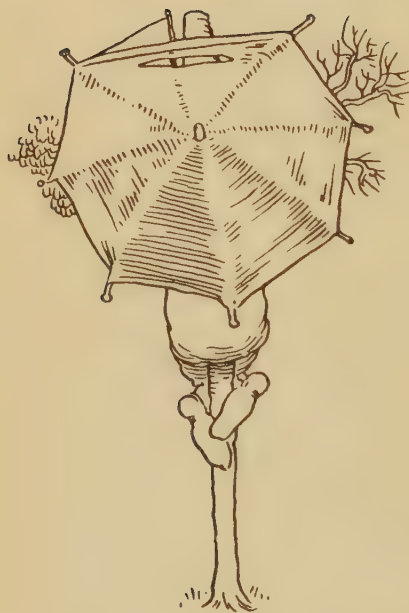


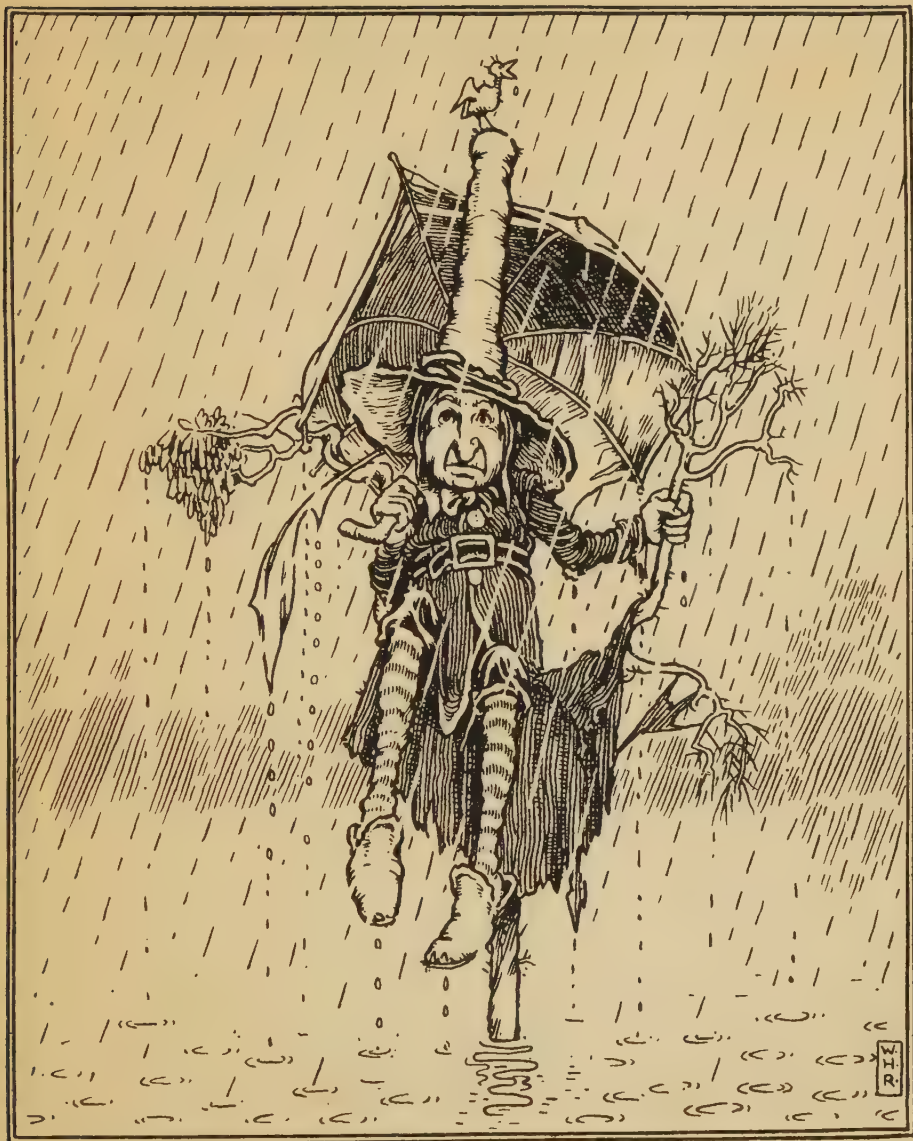


HE rain came down very fast, however. Indeed, Uncle Lubin had never seen it rain so hard before, and he wondered if it was ever going to stop. Soon the whole of the country began to get flooded, and Lubin was obliged

to
climb
into
the
tree
to

prevent
himself
getting
drowned.







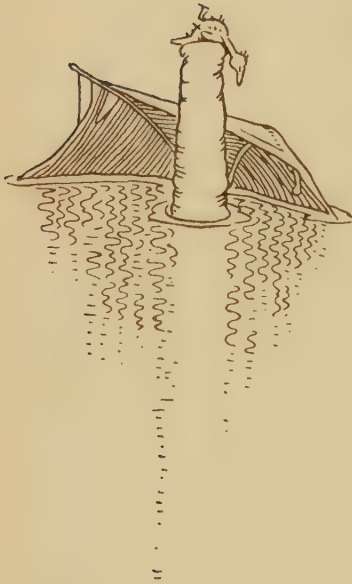
HE flood rose higher
and higher all the
afternoon, and at last
it nearly covered the
top of the tree.

“ I am going to
be drowned

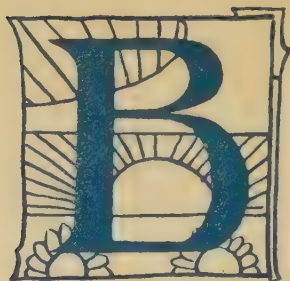
after
all,”

said
Uncle
Lubin.

“ I
rather
wish
I
had
not
come
out
to-day.”



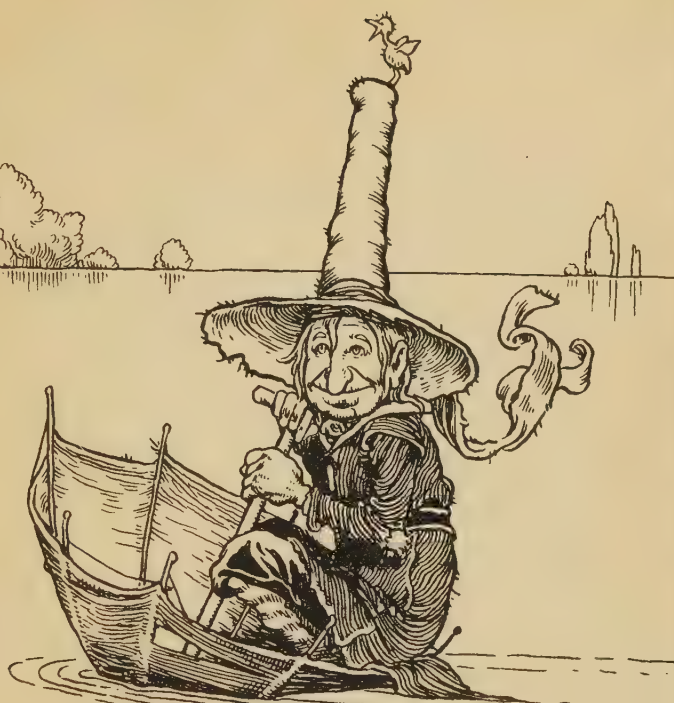




UT just as he was giving up all hope, he thought of a plan by which he might save his life. He had with him his old umbrella. "I wonder if it would float," he said. He turned it upside down and tried it. The old umbrella floated beautifully.



So Uncle Lubin
climbed
into
it and
sailed
away
on
his
travels.





NINTH ADVENTURE



HE



HARMING

OF THE



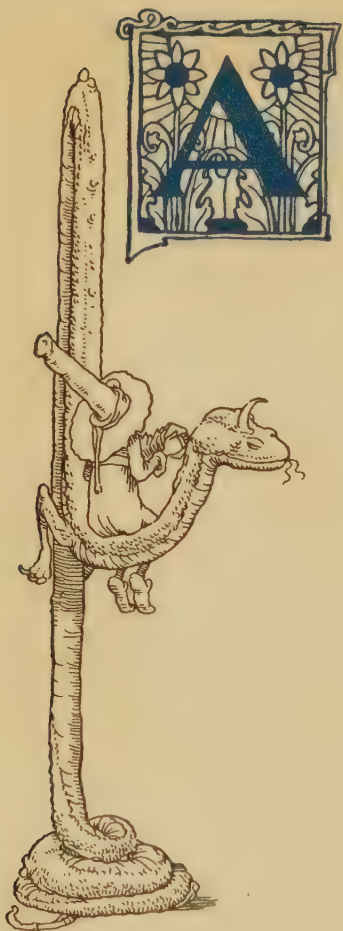
RAGON-SNAKE





NLY once in the course of his travels did Uncle Lubin become really frightened. In a lonely place and during an awful thunderstorm he suddenly came across a dragon-snake which, as you will see from the picture, is not by any means a pretty thing to meet. Poor Uncle Lubin shivered in his shoes at the sight of this fearful beast, and he made sure that it would fall upon him and eat him up at once, for besides looking ugly it appeared to be very hungry.





FTER a little while; however,
Uncle Lubin's courage returned.

He remembered to have
heard that when you
meet a snake, or

for that

matter

a dragon-sake,

the best

thing to

do is to

charm it

with music.

Fortunately Uncle

Lubin had

with him

his old

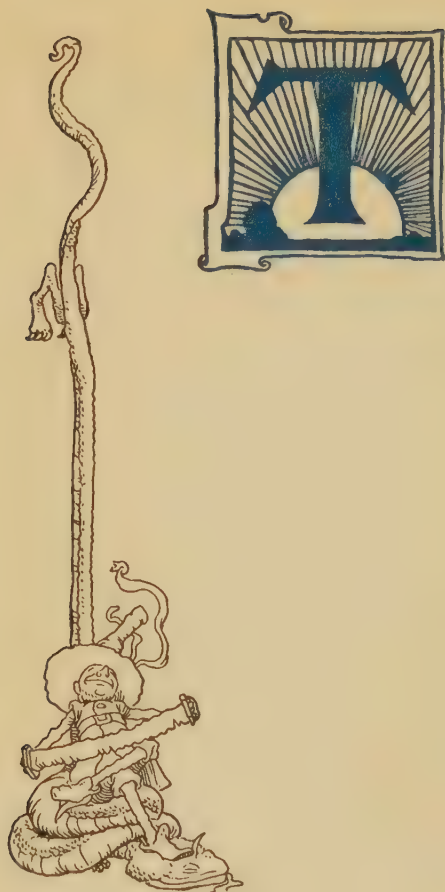
concertina. On

this he at once

began to play

some beautiful tunes.





HE dragon-snake was quite pleased with Uncle Lubin's playing and began to dance to it. Indeed, the snake danced and danced all night through, and by morning it had danced itself into such a tangle, and tied itself into so many knots that it died. Playing the concertina all night tired Uncle Lubin very much, but he was quite glad to have saved his life once again.







TENTH ADVENTURE

THE DREAM.





Y the side of the sea one evening Uncle Lubin lay down to rest. He took off his slippers and put his head on a stone and fell fast asleep. Soon he began to dream, and his dreams were of little Peter. He dreamed that the

fairies carried him through
the sky into one of the
most beautiful
meadows he
had ever

seen,

and

there

on



a beautiful throne with a crown on his head and the pretty flowers all round him, and two wise old men to take care of him, sat little Peter, who had just been made King of Fairyland. Uncle Lubin was ready to die with joy at seeing his little nephew again.







OF LITTLE PETER



IN the shore Uncle Lubin slept
thus pleasantly dreaming for
several hours. Then he woke
up and knew that it was all a
dream. Oh how sad and lonely
and wretched he felt! And
when he thought of little
Peter and remembered
that he was still far
away from him
and perhaps
being badly
treated by
the cruel
Bag-bird,
the tears
rolled down
the old
man's
cheeks.





ELEVENTH ADVENTURE

THE

RAJAH.





NE day Uncle Lubin found himself on a curious Eastern tour. The town was full of people, and all of them were crying. "Whatever is the matter?" said Uncle Lubin. "Our dear Rajah is in great trouble," replied the people. Uncle Lubin went at once to the palace and found that a wasp had settled on the Rajah's nose, and was biting him as hard as ever it could. And nobody could persuade the wasp to go away.









EAR, dear," said Uncle Lubin, "I will see to this." So he had the Rajah taken into the courtyard and placed upon a mat. Then he aimed carefully at the wasp with his gun, and although the gun burst in his hands, it made such

a great
noise
that
the
wasp
was
frightened
and
flew
away.







TWELFTH ADVENTURE

THE

FINDING OF

LITTLE PETER





AFTER all these journeys and adventures Uncle Lubin began to get rather tired, and he almost gave up hope of ever seeing little Peter again. One afternoon, however, he happened to be walking through a grove of palm-trees. In the midst of his walk he was disturbed by a sudden shower of cocoa-nuts which appeared to be thrown at him from the tops of the trees.







HE poor man was really upset by this. But he determined to find out who it was that could be so rude as to throw cocoa-nuts at him, and he there-

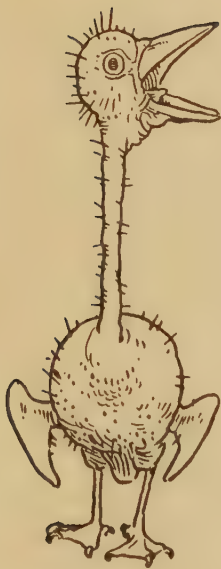
fore set to
work
to
climb
the
tree
from
which
the
nuts
had
fallen.







LL that afternoon he
climbed, and all night
and all the next day. In
fact he did not reach
the top of the tree
until he had
climbed
two
nights
and
a
day.
So
that
the
tree
was
a
very
tall
one.







UT when Uncle Lubin did get to the top his heart was filled with a great joy. For there, amid the tender young leaves, was the nest of the wicked Bag-bird, and in it, quite warm and cosy and safe

and sound among the little bag-chicks, was his dear nephew, little Peter. Of course Uncle Lubin kissed little Peter with all his might, and in a very few moments he had him out of the Bag-bird's nest and was running home with him as hard as ever he could. I am pleased to say that they got home quite safely and lived happily ever after.





W.H.R.





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